A DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

The Tiresome March, the Charge of Baxter's Brigade, and Scenes in the Hospital.

By THOMAS L. HANNA, Co. F, 9th N. Y. S. M. (83d N. Y. Vols.)

ness of and a participant, in touch with his comrades in many crucial events, the individual coloring of which the readers of history generally fail to find.

A battle between opposing forces such as contended for the mastery at Gettysburg is hell on earth, and the writer will new describe, in part, what he saw and heard on that memorable occasion.

On June 30, 1863, as the shadows of evening were fast hiding from view the on its surrender."

The 11th Pa., old chums of the 9th, you mountains westward of the Emmitsburg Pike, the boys of the 9th N. Y. S. M. (83d N. Y.) were marching, "footsore and weary," toward a town in the distance known as Gettysburg. It was not, however, until long after darkness had cast its shadowy mantle over them that the order was given, "Halt-stack arms, make yourselves comfortable in the adjoining field." The writer selected a soft spot in the thick grass, fragrant with sweet clover, and was soon enjoying "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." It seemed but a minute had passed when he felt some one touching him, and heard faithful Serg't Burtis, always on the alert -it was just daybreak-arousing the boys

for an early start.

It was not until the hurried preparations had ceased, and we were well on the march, that we noticed the condition of the weather; a Scotch mist obscured what a few hours later proved to be a hot July sun. With our clothing and blankets wet with dew, our march, an early one, as we journeyed over the slippery pike, as we journeyed over the suppery pike, was to lisome. About 8 a. m. in a north-west direction from the column came the ominous booming of cannon. We knew that Buford was up-country somewhere, and the same was intended as a timely warning to Reynolds, that the rebels were converging thereabouts, and in a short space of time we would be called upon to contend with them in mortal strife for space of time we would be called upon to contend with them in mortal strife for the Union. About 11 a. m. the sound of the cannonade was quite pronounced, followed by a terrific crash of musketry. We were near the Codori House, when the rapidly-increasing roar of battle in a clump of timber about one mile directly west warned us that Wadsworth's and Doubleday's Divisions had met the enemy, and to prepare ourselves for a busy day.

NEWS OF REYNOLD'S DEATH. It was about this time that our brigade (Baxter's) of Robinson's Division, broke to the left from the Emmitsburg road, and just as our company (F) was passing over the broken-down rail fence and the low stone wall, a mounted Or-derly gave us the sad news of Reynolds's death, it having occurred a few minutes prior to our arrival in that clump of tim-ber known as McPherson's Woods. And what a picture was presented; darkly out-lined on the ridge, against what was at that hour a clear, blue sky, the hot sun rying with the heat from the red mouthed cannon, and beautifying the puffs of smoke from the bursting shells.

Proceeding in a northwesterly direc-tion, passing the Lutheran Seminary, then

tion, passing the Lutheran Seminary, then used as a hospital, we crossed the Chambersburg Plke, and in a short while reached the Mummasburg road. On the left flank our comrades, as stated before, were fighting fiercely with Hill's Corps, while on our right and immediate front nothing was in sight but meadowland and a ridge beyond. Is that shrill sound o'erhoad a bird angry at being disturbed from left flank our comrades, as stated before, were highting fiercely with Hill's Corps, while on our right and immediate front nothing was in eight but meadowland and a ridge beyond. Is that shrill sound o'erhead a bird angry at being disturbed from its peaceful rest? Oh, no! To us it is quite familiar, more so than the music of the birds over the green fields of Gettysburg. It's the whistle of a Whitworth bolt, and the boys exchange glances. A our coming and sent his iron messenger of welcome (?)

There is a suddenness of life about us mounted Aids dashing hither and thither; the pace is quicker, faces are paler, the grip on the rifle stronger, until the tension of the muscle is painful. We reach the base of the ridge; it is dotted with bowld of scrub-oak. A hurried order from Bax-ter, with the ring of true metal, "The ter, with the ring of true metal, "The ridge, men! Forward! Quick! Double-quick!" and it seemed that with a single bound we reached its crest. What a wondrous picture that stretch of landscape as it appeared to us beneath the hot noon sun! "Happy valley of golden har fields, of stately woods, of teeming orchards, of glistening waters, and of cheerful homes," with a westerly frame of

"Bathed in the tenderest purple of dis-Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air.'

As all roads led to Rome, so in this in-stance all roads led to Gettysburg, that in after years was to be the Mecca of the blue and gray. Yonder on the Mummas-burg and Carlisle Pikes rebel artillery are breaking to the right and left with mili-tary precision, while through the interven-ing fields of golden grain and meadows of emerald green Ewell's Corps is proudly advancing in close column by brigades, by divisions, guns at right-shoulder-shift and battle flags waving, coming with the swing and tread of tried veterans.

swing and tread of tried veterans.

A commotion in the battery on yonder hill-flashes of fire and clouds of smoke.

A roar, "Steady, men, steady," and almost directly above us we hear the vicious enap of the shells. Close shave; just a feeler for range, we know!

om the Cashtown road northward to Carlisie Pike the ridge trembles with the thundering roar of the guns. Battery B. 4th Regulars, to our left, is belching forth thundering roar of the guns. Battery B. day had witnessed many heroic acts, and if you search the pages of history you shot and shell, grape and canister, to the will find them recorded thereon. Many urgent and now historical words of Stew-art, its Captain: "Feed it to them, boys; feed it to them!"

BAXTER'S CHARGE.

Bexter, leading his command in the

they are demons: a curse from the living here, a moan from the dying there. "Give them —," shouts one. "See them run," roars another.

That indomitable line of gray advancing through the harvest fields is nearer! That unflinching strip of blue on yonder ridge is thinner! A deflant yell from the gray! A loud hurrah from the Blue! Electric sparks as the bayonets flash and cfash, hurried repeating of orders, "Forward!" and down the bill we go. A sturdy-built comrade touches my shoulder as he rushes ahead with a shout, "Follow me, boys; follow me." A thud, a spurt of blood from his breast, and Patrick Burns, of Co. H, leid down his life in honor. the writer on the head—that is to say, it so impressed him, but it was only a little, insignificant bullet, inflicting a severe wound, very painful, of course, but not at all serious, and after a few days

of hospital treatment he was ready for his rations and another fight.

The charge made by the brigade was successful, resulting in the almost com-plete capture of Iverson's Brigade, con-sisting of the 5th, 12th, 20th and 23d N. D. Regiments; and the line of gray was hinner. Let me digress from this remniscence a few moments to note what

The writer, during his military service, on our right flank, making it necessary covering a period of five years, was a witfor the 90th Pa., Col. Lyle, to change front to meet them, which they did in per-

again reinforced. 'The 97th N. Y., Col. Wheelock; 83d N. Y., Lieut. Col. Moesch, and the 88th Pa., Maj. Foust, made a charge, capturing many prisoners, the 88th Pa. taking two many prisoners, the SSth Fa. taking two battle-flags, and the 97th N. Y. one from the enemy. The 12th Mass, had a galling fire on the flank of this brigade at the time, which I think had a great influence

The 11th Pa., old chums of the 9th, you will observe, is not mentioned in the above report, it having been transferred that day

fect order, receiving meanwhile a severe fire. Again the lines were repulsed and

hands full.

Very few rebel officers visited us, having urgent calls elsewhere. The scarcity of their attendance made all the more noticeable the few that came. The one that most impressed me was Maj. Harry Gilmor, commanding the 1st Md. Battalion of Cavalry, of Stuart's Division. His command had the distinguished honor of cavalry with Evall's Corns. serving with Ewell's Corps. A REBEL MAJOR.

Maj. Gilmor was a soldier of strong

lor, as the moon with waning light sank behind the dark ridges of South Moun-

I have never seen an account of the in-

tense suffering endured by friend and en-emy in the old church during the days of conflict. The rebel Surgeons would not or were not permitted to attend their wound-

ed, and medical supplies of both armies were to the rear of their respective lines. Hence Dr. Nordquist, formerly our Reg-imental Surgeon, then First Corps Medi-cal Director, and his brother Surgeons,

who became prisoners of war while in the church attending both the blue and

the gray, had, as the saying is, their



"AMID THE WHIZZING OF BULLETS AND BURSTING OF SHELLS, NER-VOUSLY GAZING AT THE FACES OF THE DEAD."

to the First Brigade, and, as usual, fought form, so gentlemanly in deportment, it with old-time vigor.

After Gen. Paul and Col. Leonard, 13th Mass., were wounded, its Colonel, Dick Coulter, assumed command and was himself wounded on the afternoon of the 3d.

bolt, and the boys exchange glances. A with perspiration, dirt and gunpowder, bade us farewell, and I regret exceedingly keen-eyed rebel artilleryman had noted through which the blood was coplously to say that from that day to this it has trickling; the rapidly-approaching ambulance on the Cashtown road, its prompt assistance, and his delivery among the wounded of friend and foe in the old Lutheran Church in the town of Gettys-

A little rebel is close beside me, his right arm severely wounded. I fancied that he was not more than 17 years of age. He was quite slight in build, and with a countenance and manner effem-

A Surgeon examined his arm a moment. A Surgeon examined his arm a moment. "Immediate amputation," he said. "Fire away," was the quick reply. And I said with feelings of sympathy mingled with admiration, "You nervy little Reb."

LOYALTY OF A COMRAME. This narrative would be incomplete, indeed, if I failed to mention an act well understood by soldiers. As the line was on the return trip my chum missed me, and someone telling him that I had either been killed or wounded in the charge he retraced his steps, amid the whizzing of bullets and bursting of shells, nervously gazing at the faces of the dead to take from my blouse the little badge; or, if wounded, to bestow his loyal assistance.

My chum barely escaped capture on his way through the town, and seeing the wounded being carried into the church. wounded being carried into the church, he found me just as the doctor was about to amputate the arm of the little rebel. At the same moment there was a great commotion in the street; a yell, and turning toward the door he faced a boy in gray with his gun at right-shoulder-shift. Dr. Nordquist, however, came to his rellef, and detailed him as an assistant, tied a strip of white muslin around his left. a strip of white muslin around his left arm, and for three days he alleviated the

sufferings of friend and foe, and escaped an enforced march to Richmond. The sun that set on Gettysburg that war-time events have passed into the darkness of oblivion, but the brave act of my chum and comrade, Wm. B. Os-born, of Co. F, ever shines with the bril-

liancy of a star.

The day closed with Rodes's Division, fierce struggle, emulating his heroic action minus Iverson's Brigade, occupying the at Fredericksburg, where he won his silver town and line adjacent, nearer to Cemestar, how clear and strong in the battle strife are his words of admonition and courage. "Keep cool, men, and fire low."

The pent-up horrors of war have broken loss. The men are no longer human, they are demons; a curse from the living here a mean from the dying there. "Give the Wedgesth Division on their left are word from the dying there."

blood from his breast, and Patrick Burns, of Co. H, leid down his life in honor.

One of those Whitworth bolts strikes that touch the hearts of the old soldiers. both of the bine and the gray, recalling to mind many events of time and place long, long ago: "The moon that night long, long ago: "The moon that night was at the full, and, flooding the land-scape with its mellow light, assisted the belated columns of both armies, which were hurrying to the battleground. All

the men too tired for talk, or song, or jest."

With polished arms glimmering in the haze, the dusky, silent legions moved like the spectral armies that are said to march at midnight when the skeleton drummer Baster said in his official report:

"" The brigade opened on the advancing foe a most deadly fire, soon causing them to recoil and give way. Another line immediately took the place of that repulsed, and this time they appeared faces of the dead took on a ghastlier pal-

night the regiments moved on in stillness,

seemed to me, that had we met on yonder ridge while we were smelling each other's powder he would have called the drop on me and said, "Your gun, sir, if you please."

please."

In addressing us he invariably prefixed the word "gentlemen." His last call was on the morning of the third day's struggle. As he entered the church, his face beaming with smiles and his manner cheery, he said, "Gentlemen, good morning! This day will end the fighting. Longstreet will break through the center of your line this afternoon, and we start for Washington in the morning." Hastily he bade us farewell, and I regret exceedingly never been my good fortune to meet the

gallant Major.

About 1 p. m. the silence was broken by two or three artillery shots, and in r. few minutes 138 rebel guns were pounding our line from Round Top to Cemetery Hill. The Union guns, 80 in number, re-sponded to the challenge, and for two hours it was the greatest duel of the kind that the world has ever seen. The roar was appalling; the walls of the old church trembled, the window sashes continually rattled. Nevertheless, Comrade Osborn betook himself to the church cupola,

pray-ers; if we'uns drap a shell 'er meetin' house you'uns won't know nuthin'." A yell, a cheer, and honors were even, while I thought of my comrades on yonder hill, and the words of the rebel

That evening Mrs. Ziegler, who lived in the small brick house adjoining the Sunday school entrance to the church, gave two or three comrades and myself the use of the front room on the ground floor; and let me say right here that at the dedication of our regimental monu-ment, 25 years later, after attending services in the church with Chaplain Roe, Mrs. Hanna and daughter, I had a pleasant reunion with the dear old lady

After the failure of Pickett's charge a silence as oppressive as the bombardm had been exciting settled over the stained hills and meadows of Gettysburg, the air hot and sickening with odor pe culiar to a battlefield.

I was seated with my head resting on

the sill of the opened window, when sud-denly a body of rebels went marching by, denly a body of rebeis weat manney, to-mounted men, artillery and infantry, toward the Chambersburg road. There seemed to be considerable haste and con fusion, and with all a sullen silence. It was Rodes's Division, that on the morning of the 1st advanced toward our lin so proudly, with the swing of tried vet-erans, with guns at right-shoulder-shift, and battle-flags waving, but now in full retreat to Seminary Ridge, excepting a strong picket line, where they remained until the night of the 4th. About mid-night all was again quiet. Thinking of the joyful surprise for our boys in the norning, and wearied with the long watch, was asleep before my body touched the

Like the morning of the 1st, it seemed that I had been asleep but a minute, when I was awakened, not by a touch, but the sharp crack of a rifle, followed in quick succession by several others. It

scarcely daybreak. For a few moments my senses were dazed. Had I been dreaming? Vague visions of mounted men, artillery and infantry, with battleflags drooping, sullenly marching by. Ah! the words of the rebel Major, "Gentiemen, this day will end the fighting." Listen, a piercing yell from a boy in gray; a victorious hurrah from a boy in blue. It was the ending of the "high-water mark battle for the Union" the dawn of a jubilee.

REMARRIED WIDOWS.

The last Congress passed an act restoring to the rolls certain widows who had lost their pensions by remarriage, and who had again become widows, or had se-

cured a divorce from the second husband. We will send the blanks for application for restoration, together with the full text of the law and complete official instruction as to what proof is demanded, post paid, upon receipt of 25 cents. Address THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MISS HATTIE PAYNE, GENEVA, O.

When Spring once more is ushered in,
And May with flowers is dressed.
We come again with solemn tread,
To where the soldlers rest:
We bring sweet flowers to strew around
Upon each grass-grown grave,
Where sleep the braye and honored dead,
Who fought our land to save.

Their valiant deeds we'll ne'er forget, We'll oft the story tell,
How they while fighting Freedom's cause.
In battle bravely fell;
Or how in loathsome prison pens,
Death came as a feller

From horrors which now seem to us Too awful for bellef.

All this is past, they sleep in peace
Beneath each low green mound,
And we, with tears, bright garlands strew
Upon this sacred ground.
We'll not forget these comrades brave,
Who wore the Union blue
And gave their lives to save the flag,
To God and country true.

RETROSPECTION-1901.

By C. M. Rathbun, Loch Lynn Hights, Ma In the years gone by a cry was heard;
A Nation called for aid.
Responsive, then, the brave and true
Sprang into a loyal line of blue—

In the greed of gain, injustice ruled; God sternly forced it right; With steel and flame atonement made, While in whirlwind harvest, he repaid They that had sown in might.

The Army Grand was made.

Hall, the Grand Army-elect of God To manifest his power. It nobly struggled in those years Through sens of dangers, doubts and fears And glorified the hour.

Then, 'tis meet to honor, laud and praise, They who have gone before: Who gave, not words, but deeds sublime, Immolating selves to speed the time When war shall be no more.

A. A. G. G. E. Whitman, Fitzgerald, Ga.; Asst Q. M. G., C. C. Goodnow, Fitzgerald, Ga: Insp., M. S. Harrod, Fitzgerald, Ga.; Judge Advocate, S. A. Darnell, Jusper, Ga.; Chief of Staff, J. A. Commerford, Marletta, Ga.

At Peach Tree Creek.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In the is sue of May 9 I read an article on Peach Tree Creek. I belonged to the ambulance train. The day before the battle the Ser betook himself to the church cupola, teered would not be on duty the next day. witnessed the entire show, also the charge of Pickett's Division and its repulse. It teers. We were lying in the shade the of Pickett's Division and its repulse. It goes without saying that the excitement in the church was intense. "Give 'en —!" faintly cried a dying reb. "Feed it to them," roared a Battery B man, and a hardened old sinner shouted, "Look hyar, Yanks, you'uns had better say your pray-ers; if we'uns drap a shell in this

on a repel battery. A shell from the rebel battery exploded over the depot, and the six doctors started down a ravine at a two-forty gait, leaving the wounded sol-

To Various Points, via Baltimore & Ohio

Railroad.

GEN. SICKLES'S CANDIDACY. Correspondence With Past Department Com-

Gen. Sickles's Candidacy.

Correspondence with Past Department Commander Petersen.

Commander Petersen.

Correspondence with Past Department Commander Petersen.

Commander Petersen.

St. Louls, Mo., April 18, 1901.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles,

23 Elft'h Ave., New York. N. Y.

My Dear General: Having served in the Excelsior Brigade and been anxious for several years to see your Gommander-Inchinal.

Encampment in relation thereto and also on the death of Commander-Inchinal.

Encampment in relation thereto and also on the death of Commander-Inchinal.

Encampment in relation thereto and also on the death of Commander-Inchinal.

Encampment in relation thereto and also on the death of Commander-Inchinal.

Encampment in relation thereto and also on the death of Commander-Inchinal and respectfully ask yon to permit myself and the thousands of other commander of missouri, G. A. R.

New York, No. 23, Fifth Avenue,

A. G. Peterson, Esq.,

Room 303 American Central Bildg., Broadway and Locust Sts., St. Louls, Mo.

Dear Sir and Commade:

On my return last evening from Cuba, where I have been for the past two morths. I mean secure ry meth.

In regard to the position of Commander-Inchief of the G. A. R., I am not, in any sense of the ward, a candidate. I have received many letters on the subject, like your own, generously offering support. I have gone so far as to say that if the office came to me, without strife, so that I could of the post under coaditions that would be useful to them, I would not refuse compliance with their wishes. I would, however, be quite unable to visit all the Departments, as has been the custom in recent years. I might per though the post to the post tion, but not much the properties of the past two morths, in the past is years, and had served as Commander of the past two morths, in the past is years, and had served as Commander of the past two morths, in the past is years, and had served as Commander of the past and the close of the war.

Again Baltery, 25 de had been an honord of the pension laws and

Then, 'tis meet to boose, 'und and perish.

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The world forced be a liste of five to me leave the common of the certificates issued for the Army Intendit Original. It is necessary.

The world to dead the common of the certificates issued for the Army Intendit Original. It is necessary.

The world to dead the common of the certificates issued for the Army Intendit of the Top 200 Original Common of the Line for helping, or at least for acceding in the initiative. These roads were courteous, too, in granting all the stop-over privileges for which the boys saw fit to ask.—A. H., Wahpeton, N. D.

Views of an Ohio Veteran.

Views of an Ohio Vetexan.

Entroin The day before the battle the Sergeant called for volunteers to follow the skirmish line, and said those who volunteered would not be on duty the next day. My "pard" and I were the only volunteers. We were lying in the shade the next day when the battle was on. I heard it reported that Hood had broken through our lines and was making things hot for the boys. I proposed to my pard that we go to the front, as, judging from rapid firing, we would be needed.

Just as we arrived at the works of the 94th Ohio a shell passed through the body of a Co. A boy, entering under the right arm and coming out a little back of the left arm. The injured man lived until midnight. We took him back several hundred yards to a depot, where were a number of wounded and six doctors. About the time that we arrived "Backskin," a German officer who had won a reputation by firing by volleys, opened out on a rebel battery. A shell from the robed battery exploded over the depot, and the six doctors started down a ravine at a two-forty gait, leaving the wounded sol-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I believe there too many pension laws, and not only are here too many, but they are too complex. If many of these laws were wiped from the statutes and others more easy of construction, and not so capable of misconstruction, and not so capable of misconstruction.

six doctors started down a ravine at a two-forty gait, leaving the wounded soldiers.—W. N. GILLETT, Co. H, 94th Ohio, Waido, Fla.

Reunion of the 32d Iowa.

The 11th Biennial Reunion of the 32d Iowa Infantry Association will be held at Iowa Falls, Iowa, June 19-20. Comrades will meet at the Relief Corps Hall the morning of the 19th to register. A. M. Caldwell, Shawnee, O. T., is President of the Association.

The vice of a pension of \$6 per month. About two years ago I applied for an increase and after two examinations and an innumerable number of affidavits I secured a raise of \$2 per month, and it required nearly a half year of that raise to pay attorney fees, where if the discharge papers were made the basis for a pension of \$6 per month.

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The vector of affidavits I secured a raise of \$2 per month, and it required nearly a half year of that raise to pay attorney to be a persion of a pension of \$6 per month.

The vector of affidavits I secured a raise of \$2 per month, and it required nearly a half year of that raise to pay attorney to be a persion of a pension.

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The vector of affidavits I secured a raise of \$2 per month, and it required nearly a half year of that raise to pay attorney to the passed of the discharge papers were made the basis for a pension.

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The vector of affidavits I secured a raise of \$2 per month, and it required nearly a half year of that raise to pay attorney grudged recognition,
I have been a reader of The National Tri bune for many years (16, at least), and I have always found it true to the interest of the veterans, and whatever is just and honest in our pension legislation is due to its efforts more than any other publication in America. Much more should be accomplished, and the veterans look to The National Tribune as the stalwart champion of their rights.—O. F. WEEKS, Co. I, 32d Ohio, Sunbury, O.

bune for many years to, at reach the have always found it true to the interest of the veterans, and whatever is just and honest for special excursions June 2 and 25; and special excursions June 2 and 25; and the product of the veterans look to The Mational Tribune as the round trip. Tickets, good going July 23, 24 and 25; good returning leaving Chicago until July 30, with privilege of extension to Angust 24 on deposit of the condition, July 8-12. One fare for the round trip. Tickets, good going July 23, 24 and 25; good returning leaving Chicago until July 30, with privilege of extension to Angust 24 on deposit of the condition, July 8-12. One fare plus \$2.09 for the round trip. Tickets good going July 6-7 and 8, limited for return leaving Chelmans and Endeavor, July 6-10. One fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4 to 6, limited for return leaving Chelmans and payment of September 1 on deposit of ticket with July 14, with privilege of extension to August 31 on deposit of ticket with July 14, with privilege of extension to August 31 on deposit of ticket with Joint Agent and payment of 50 cents.

Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Sept. 16-21. One fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4 to 6, limited for return leaving Lodinappils until September 23, with privilege of extension to September 16 on deposit of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to August 31 on deposit of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to August 31 on deposit of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to August 31 on deposit of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to August 31 on deposit of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to September 16 on the province of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to September 16 on the province of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to September 16 on the province of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to September 16 on the province of the with July 14, with privilege of extension to September 16 on the province of

MUSTERED OUT.

In the famous Wilson's raid around Peters-burg. About July 10, 1861, the regiment was assigned to duty in Shenandoah Valley in Gen. Custer's Third Cavalry Division, "Red Necktle Division," and followed the fortunes of this famous leader to the end of the war. Comrade Wright was a member of Jordan Lodge, 286, F. & A. M., Jordan, N. Y., for more than 25 years, but at time of death was a member of Hawalian Lodge, 21, Honoinlu. He was also a prominent and influential mem-

New Jersey Sons of Veterans.

At the Annual Encampment of the New Jersey Division, held in Elizabeth, N. J., May 9, the following officers were elected: Com., Richard F. Cross, Elizabeth, S. V. C., W. F. Vanderhoff, Somerville; J. V. C., Robert Woerner, Hoboken; Conneil, W. T. Severs, Trenton; G. W. Pollitt, Paterson; J. B. Adams, Atlantic City; Delegates at Large, John Robins, Paterson; Delegates to National Encampment, R. C. Woerner, Hoboken; F. N. Cunningham, Atlantic City.

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Mrs. E. V. Tubbs,

Mt. Carroll, Ills.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure





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WHO HAVE

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8. Declaration for Original Invalid Pension, under act of July 14, 1862. 9. Declaration for Dependent Mother's Pension, act of June 27, 1890.

10. Declaration for Dependent Father's 11. Power of Attorney and Articles of Agreement combined. 12. Declaration for a Rerating of an In-

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